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DECLAN SHALVEY

ANDREA BROCCARDO

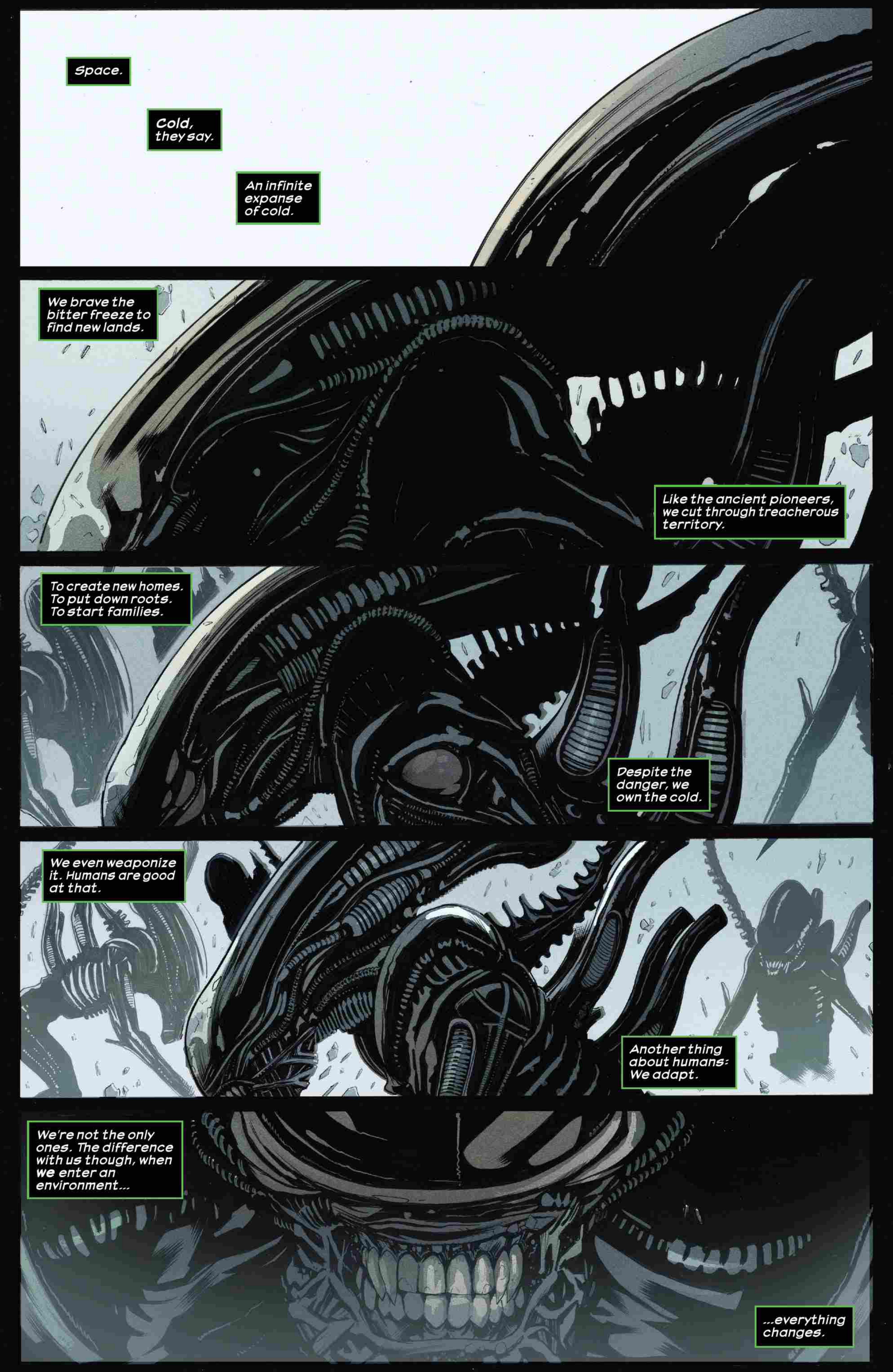
TRÍONA FARRELL

A L I E N TM

PARENTAL
ADVISORY

TM

IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MARVEL



Space.

Cold,
they say.

An infinite
expanse
of cold.

We brave the
bitter freeze to
find new lands.

Like the ancient pioneers,
we cut through treacherous
territory.

To create new homes.
To put down roots.
To start families.

Despite the
danger, we
own the cold.

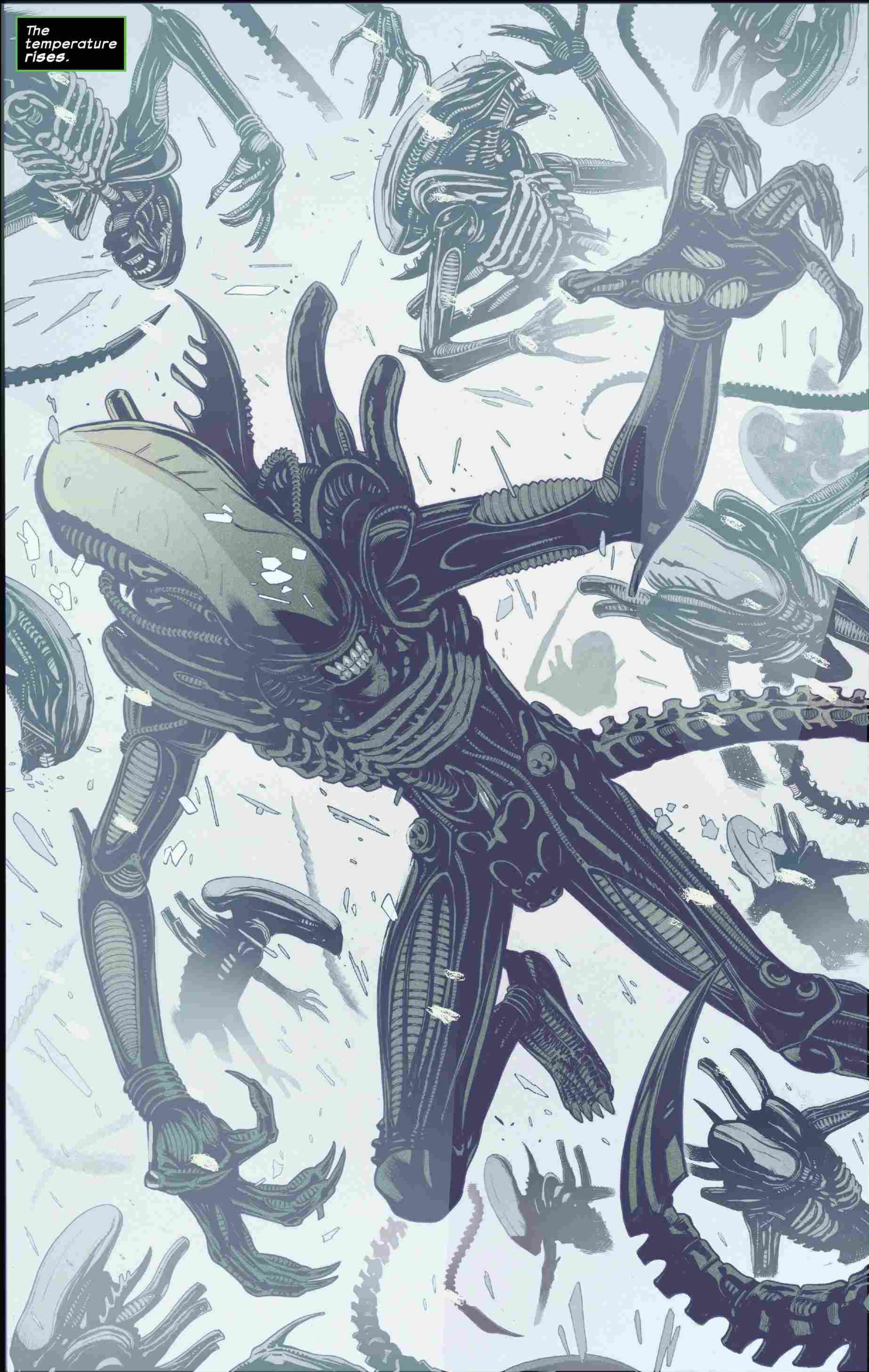
We even weaponize
it. Humans are good
at that.

Another thing
about humans:
We adapt.

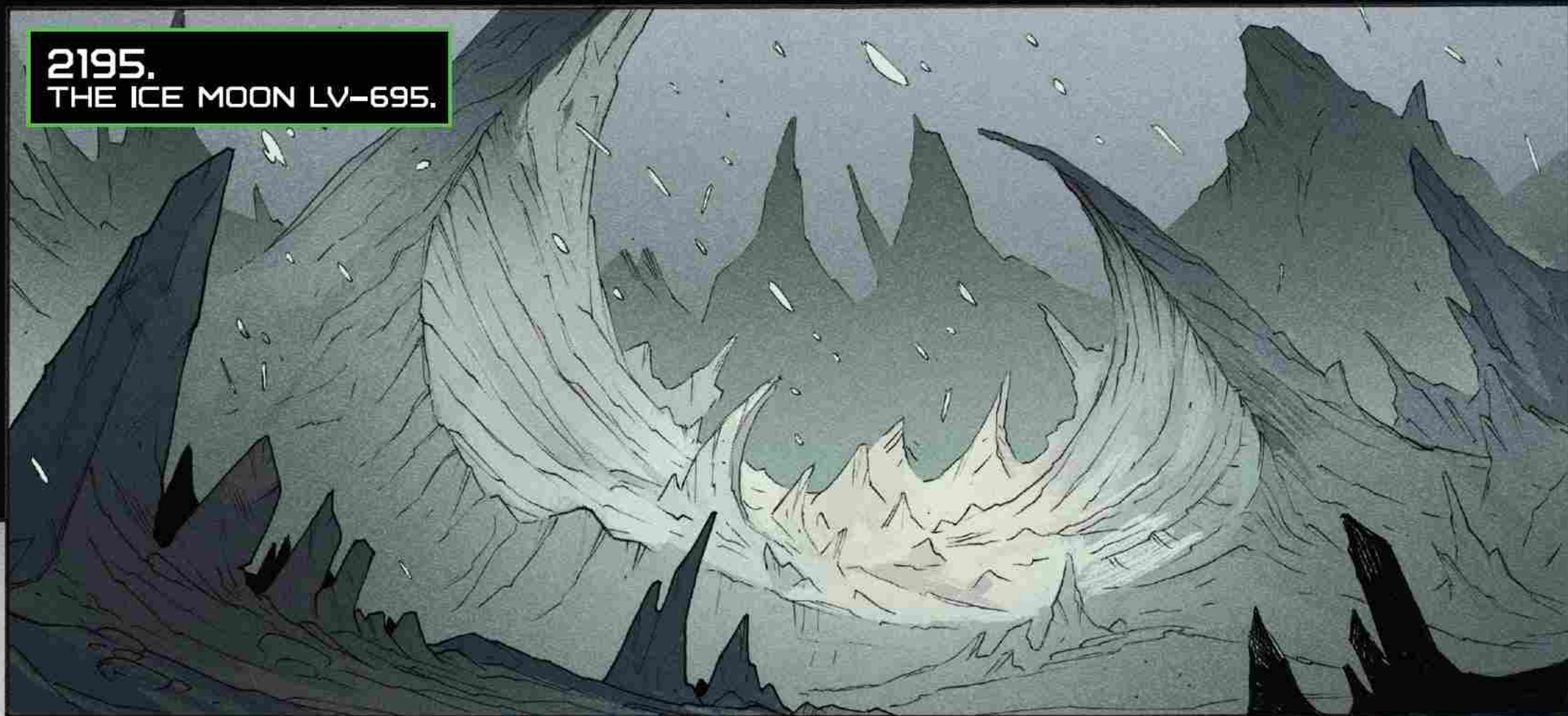
We're not the only
ones. The difference
with us though, when
we enter an
environment...

...everything
changes.

The
temperature
rises.



2195.
THE ICE MOON LV-695.





What do you think, can you fit through there?

Yeah... sure, I can do that.

Okay, I'll ease you down then.



Careful down there. Something happens to you, your mum will throw me down there after you.

Yeah, I *know*, Dayton.

I've been doing this for months, if you haven't noticed.



Not the *only* thing I've noticed, you cheeky little--



You doing okay, Zasha?

Yeah... I'm okay...

Hard to see...



Come on out if you're having trouble.

Nah, Mom seemed pretty keen on finding out more about those readings from last week's deposits.



And I'm more scared of *her* than I am of anything down *here*.



Yes, I share that similar fear.

I thought the whole point of this mission was to find concentrated water pockets, but *Batya* seems interested in anything but.



You know her well enough by now, I guess. Looking at ice gets pretty boring after *five years*.

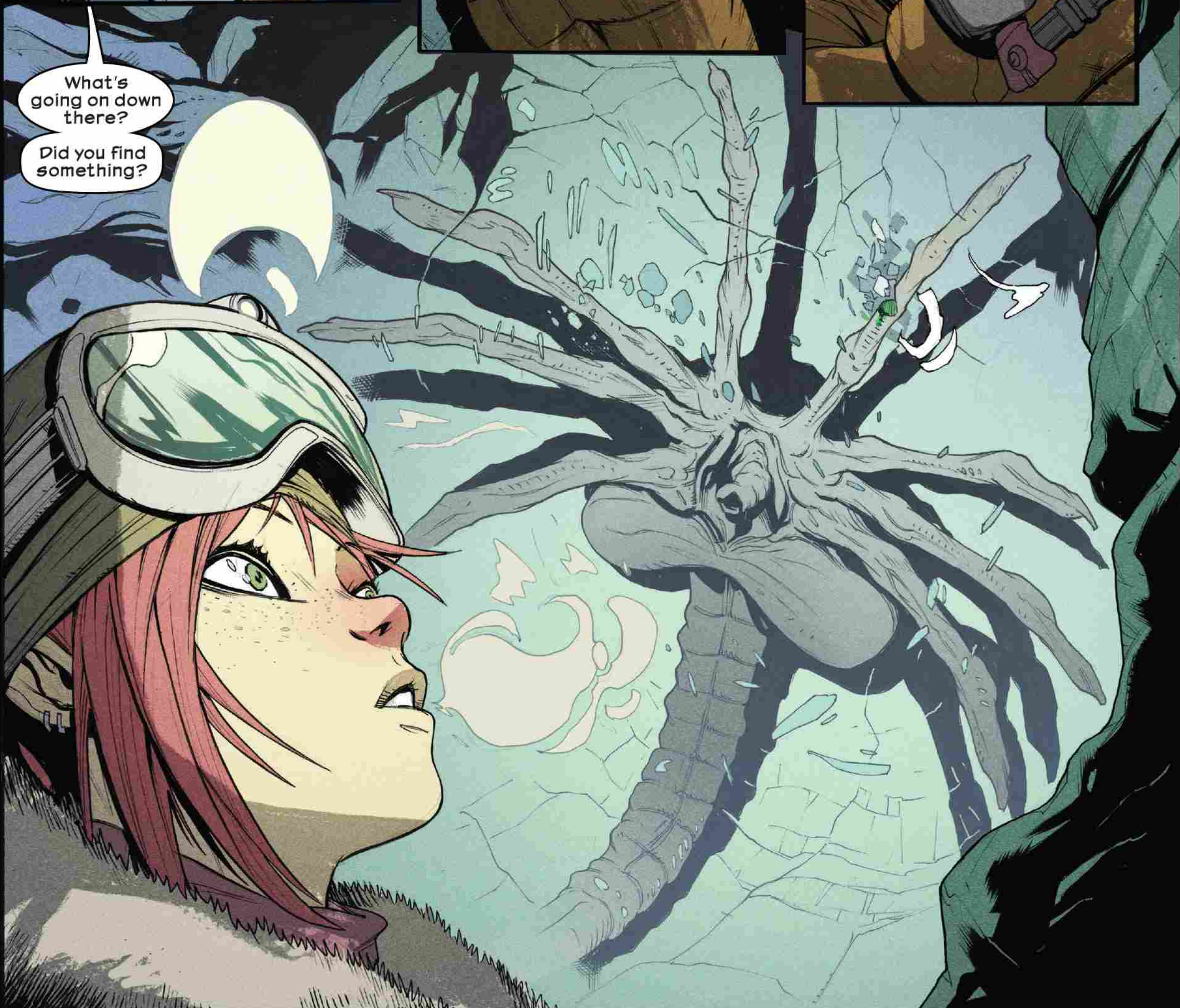
And when she sets her mind on something, she doesn't stop.

No matter how much she--



She what?

Huh.



What's going on down there?

Did you find something?

In **2122**, the multinational corporation **Weyland-Yutani** diverted their commercial towing vehicle, the ***Nostramo***, to the moon **LV-426**. Weyland-Yutani, purporting to answer a possible distress call, secretly wished to secure specimens of a dangerous alien species known as **Xenomorphs** for study and profit. Tragedy struck the crew.

In **2179**, a colony known as **Hadley's Hope**--built on LV-426--was overrun by Xenomorphs. All rescue attempts failed.

Now the year is **2195**. Weyland-Yutani has covered most of its deadly tracks, but it's only a matter of time before Xenomorphs surface again...

WATER

A NEW ECONIMICAL FRONTIER

TALBOT ENGINEERING INC.



LATEST UPDATES

- As the human race's colonization efforts expand exponentially throughout the stars, the demand for quality sources of water has become critical.
- Companies have jumped on this vacuum of need, taking advantage of a gold mine of monetary profit.

- Talbot Engineering Inc. has secured the exclusive water reclamation rights to the ice moon LV-695.
- Whether their efforts will be successful remains unknown. Stay tuned for more updates.

A L I E N

T H A W PART 1 OF 5

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How do you...?

Oh yeah, here we go. Aaaaand hit record.

This is **Batya Zahn**, chief scientist on assignment: Glacier Base VI, i.e., "The Keg," on LV-695.

I'm not convinced you're even *listening* anymore, Head Office.

No reply for *six* weeks. I know this quiet moon of ours isn't that exciting, but if we do find what we're looking for, we could provide water to *numerous* terraforming projects. You can't colonize space if you don't have water.

This is *important* work.

Not to mention, we were supposed to be relieved five *months* ago.



Considering my current "condition"?

I could do with being relieved. We *all* could.

Head Office... I don't want to give birth on this rock.

We didn't bail with our ship when we had the chance. Now the launchpad is frozen over and we *can't* leave.

When will the good people of **Talbot Engineering Inc.** come whisk us away from this hellhole?





Zasha!
Get out of that
hole!

I don't
like how long
you've been
down there.



Coming
up! I have a
sample.

One *hell* of
a sample.

You
can start
pulling.



Nngh, you're a
lot heavier. How big
is that thing?

Big
enough.



You're
getting really
good at this,
you know.

Yeah.
I know.



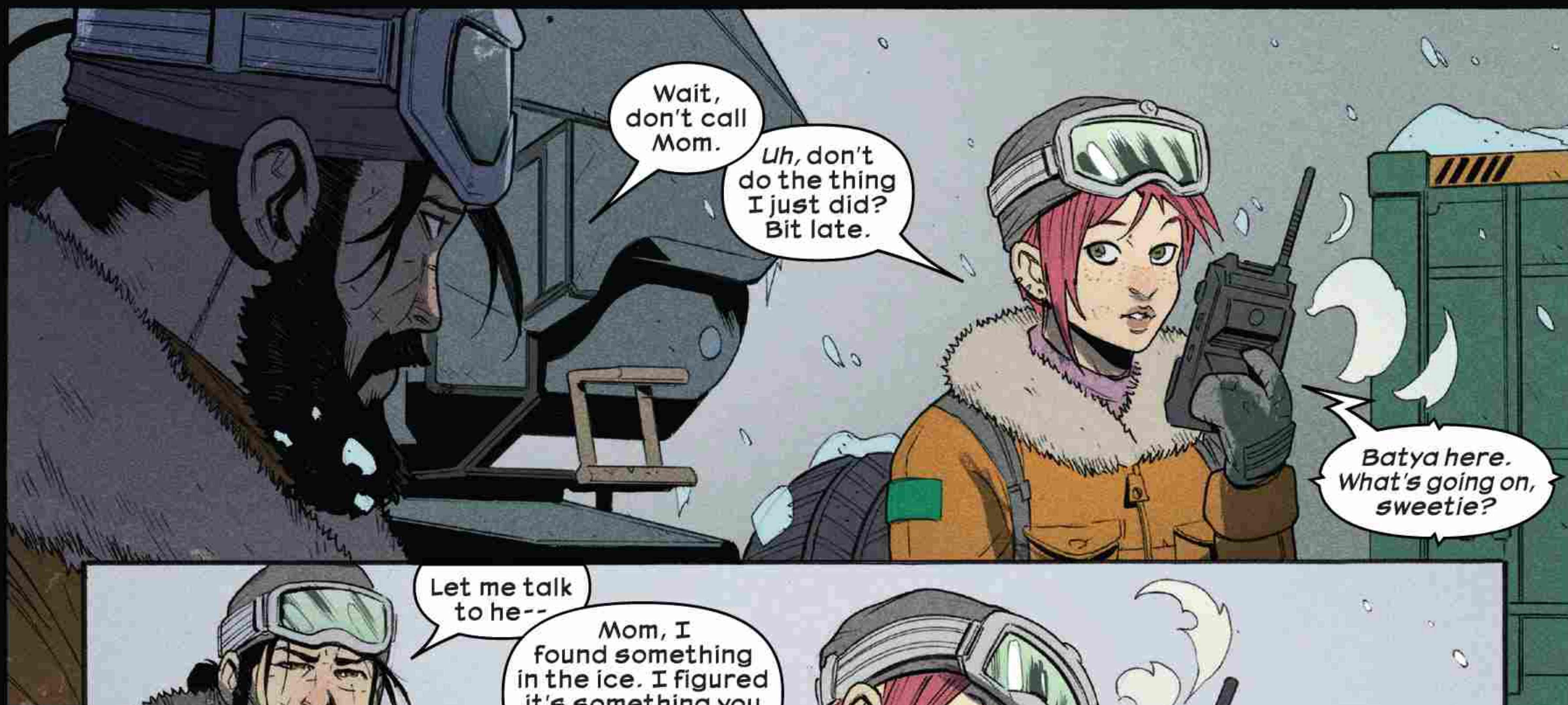
Ooooookay.

C'mon, then,
let's get a better
look at what you
found.



Oh.

Zasha
to HQ, come
in, Mom.



Wait, don't call Mom.

Uh, don't do the thing I just did? Bit late.

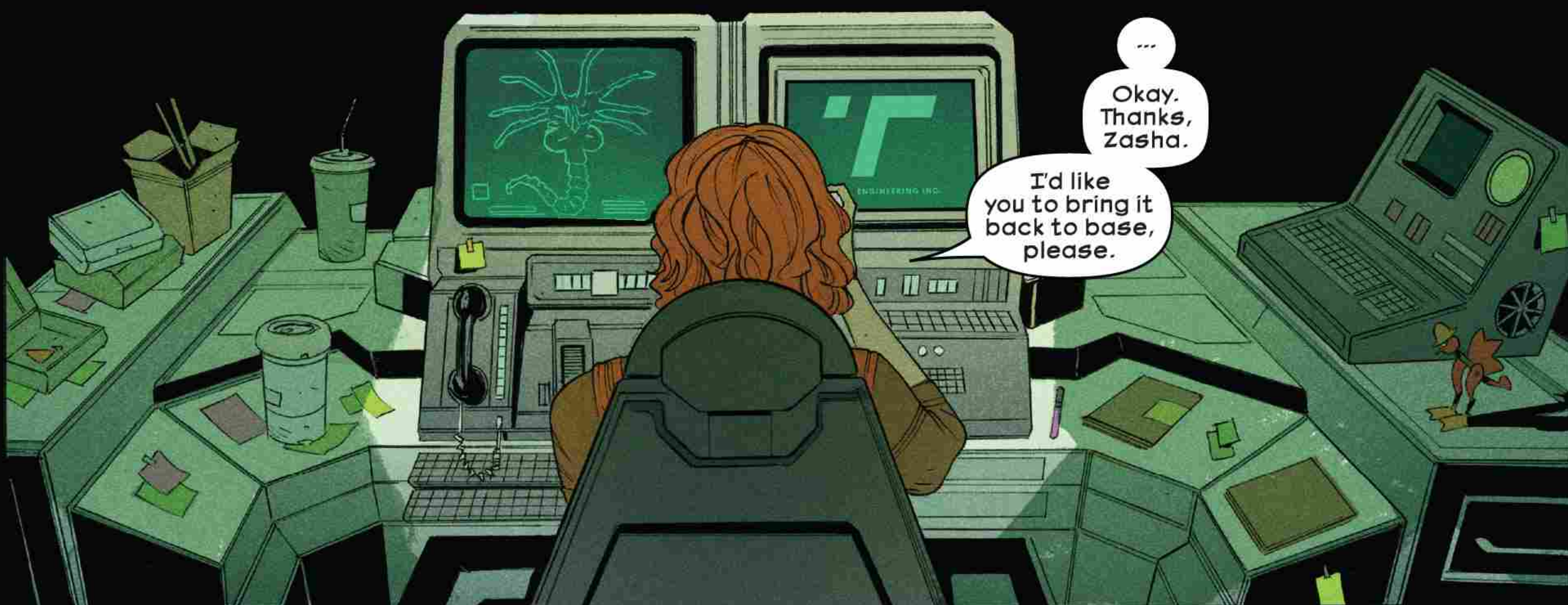
Batya here. What's going on, sweetie?



Let me talk to he--

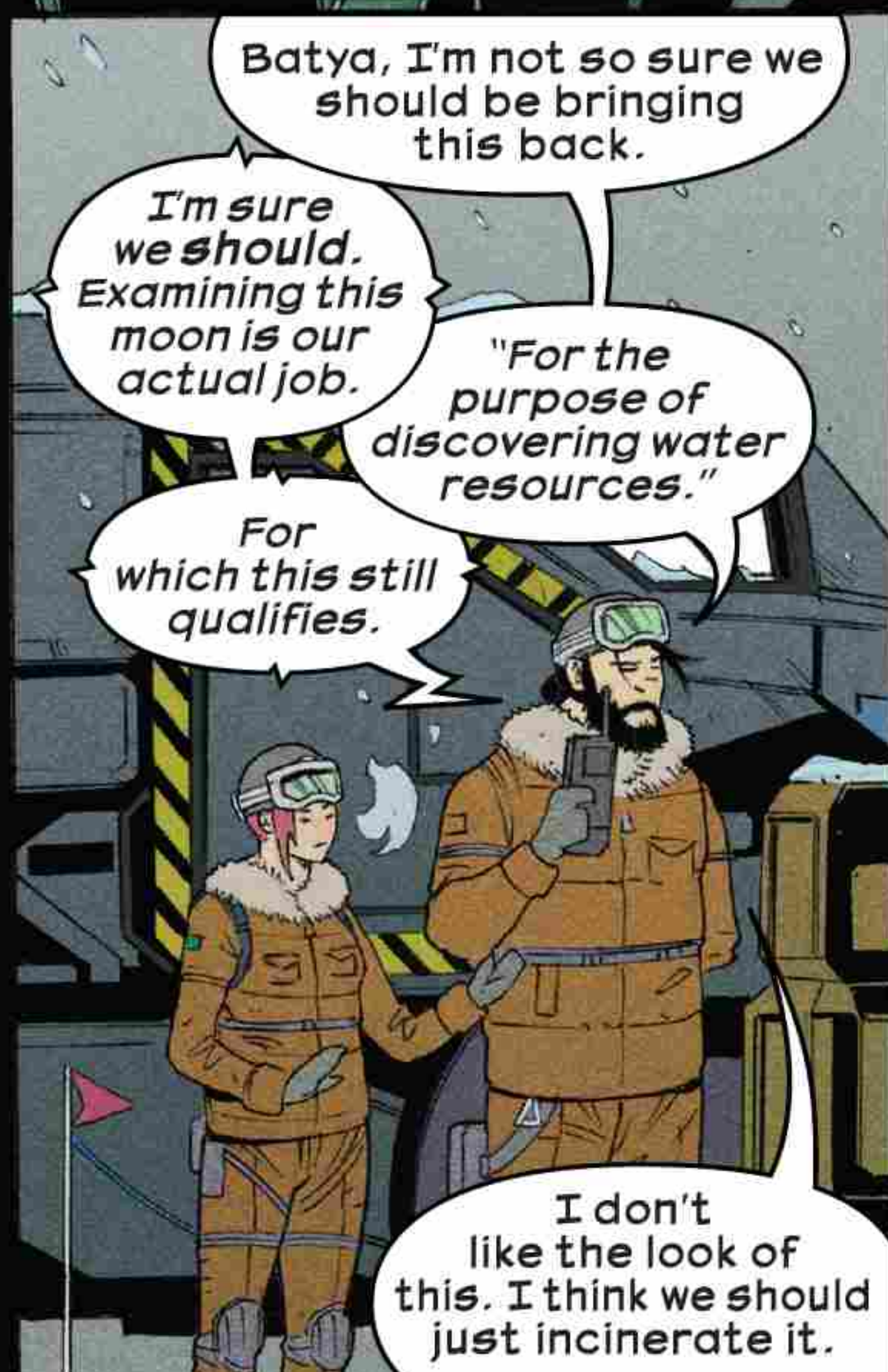
Mom, I found something in the ice. I figured it's something you might want to know about.

Thanks, honey. Can you send me a scan?



Okay. Thanks, Zasha.

I'd like you to bring it back to base, please.



Batya, I'm not so sure we should be bringing this back.

I'm sure we should. Examining this moon is our actual job.

"For the purpose of discovering water resources."

For which this still qualifies.

I don't like the look of this. I think we should just incinerate it.



Like it or not, Dayton, this is new. We need to know what this is, if it's native to the moon, its genetic makeup, how it's connected to the eco-structure, how--

Okay, okay, I get it.

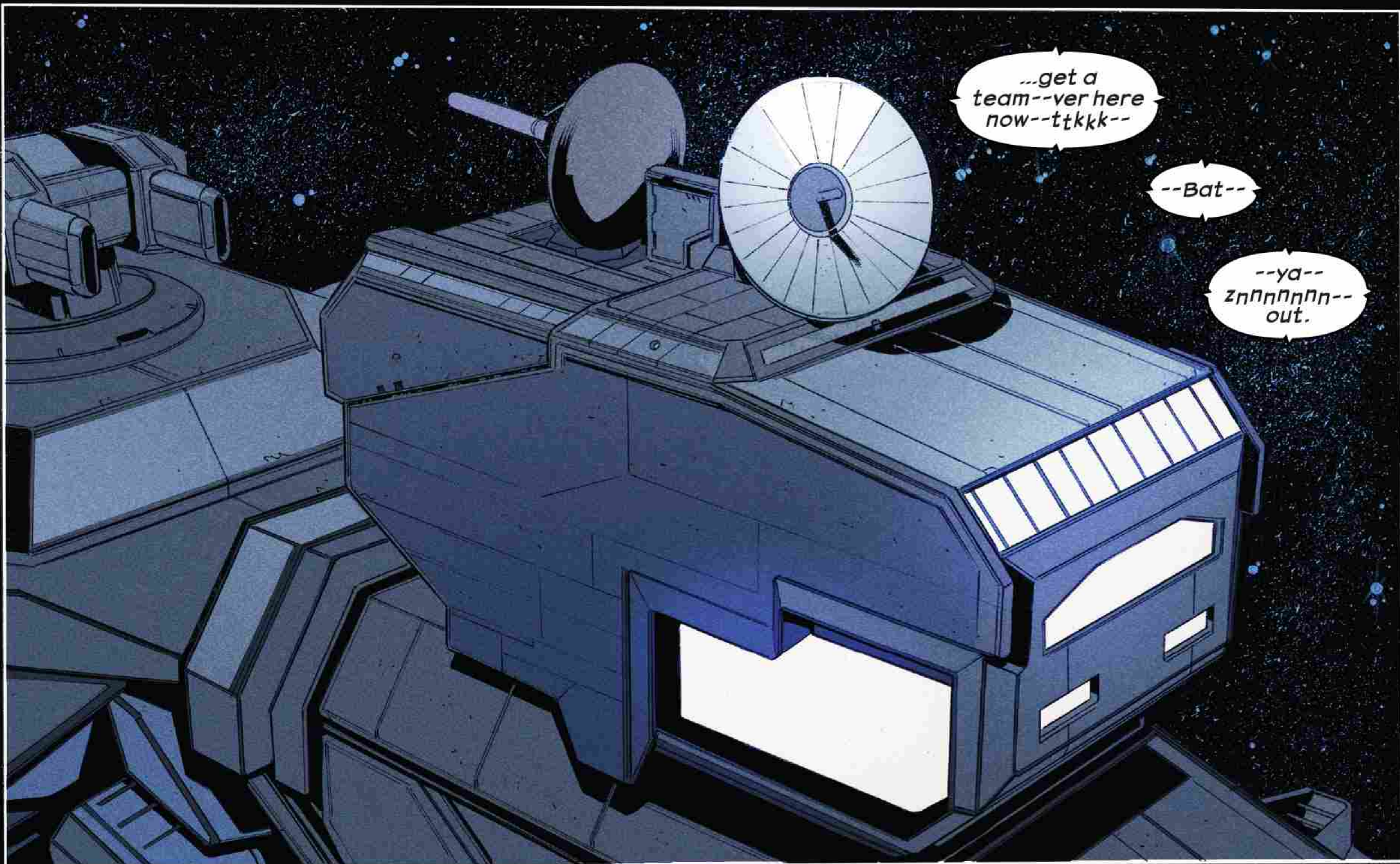
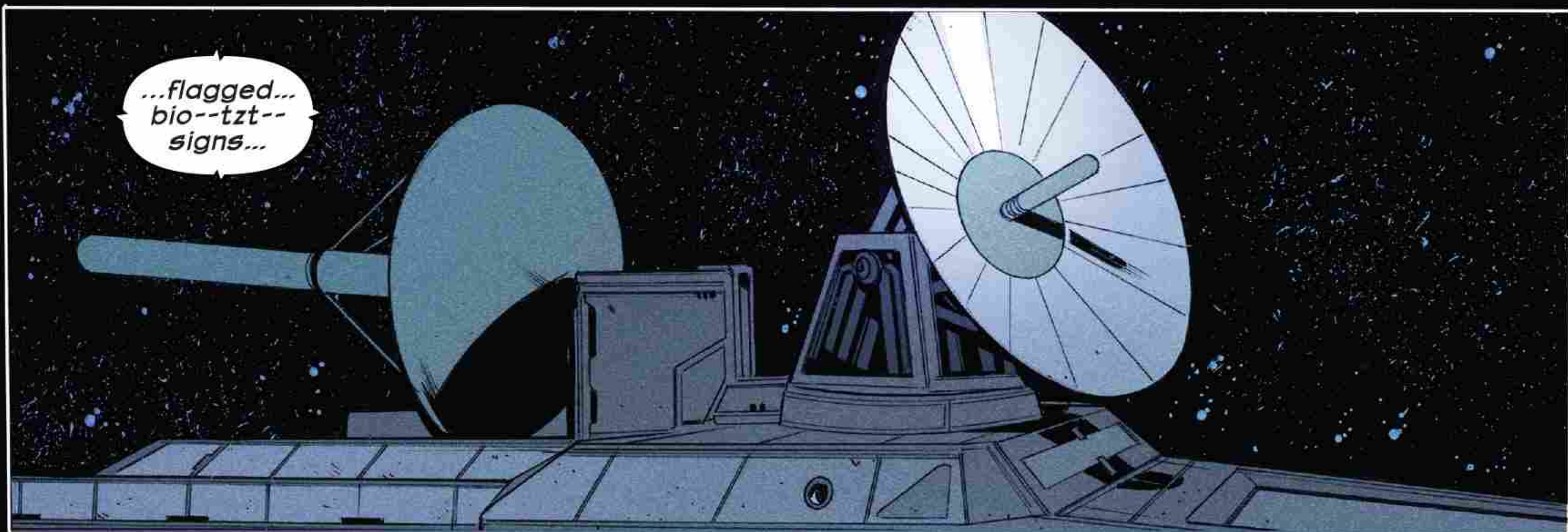
At least let me contain it and keep it in cold storage.



Sure. We can lock it in my lab, keep it safe and sound. Will that keep you happy?

Thank you for letting me think I had any say in this.

You're welcome. Now, as Mission Head, I'm ordering you both back home for dinner.





Hello, team! Let's get a better look at Zasha's buried treasure, eh?

Hi, Mom. Special delivery. Not a water sample, for once.

Batya, you shouldn't be moving around so much. You're supposed to be taking it easy.



Well, not according to the doctor, because *I'm* the doctor.

Don't worry, I just checked yesterday's scans, all is well. But maybe Zasha can carry the sample to my lab for me.

Sure.



Of course when you ask her to do something, she just *does* it.



Just on the shelf there. That's a wonderful find, baby.

Thanks, Mom.



"Let's lock this up, then."

"We don't want anyone getting in or out of here."

TWO WEEKS
LATER.

This looks
gross.

Be
nice.

You try
cooking with
one hand.

Bet I
could! Tie one
hand behind
my back.

It's
not exactly
the same
thing.

Children.

Don't worry,
Dayton...I don't
think you'll have to
cook for much
longer.

Oh? How's
that?

I'm sure
Talbot thinks our
find is interesting
enough to get a new
crew here to
relieve us.

Wh-what
are you
talking
about?

I called it
in. Couple
of weeks
ago.

you did
WHAT?!

CLANG



Jesus, what the hell is wrong with you?!

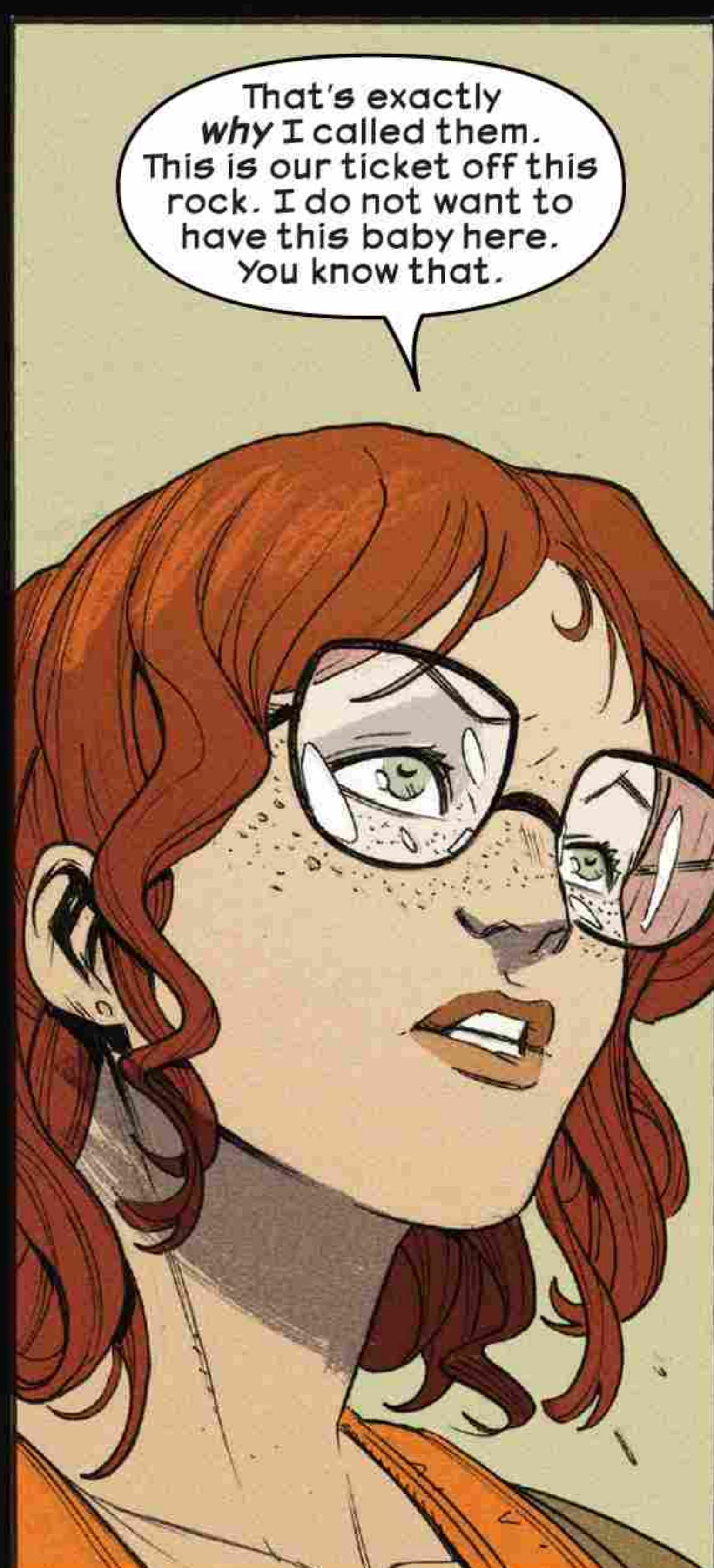
What's wrong with *me*? I didn't want that *thing* on base in the first place, and now you just run it up the chain without running it by me first?



Run it by you? This is *my* mission, Dayton. I don't need to run *shit* by you.

I *know* that. But we're not just your employees, Batya--we're a *family* too. At least, we're supposed to be. You're playing with fire.

And I *do not* trust the fuckers that have left us stranded here for months.



That's exactly *why* I called them. This is our ticket off this rock. I do not want to have this baby here. You know that.



This baby. Not *our* baby?



You...you know what I mean.
Look...



"...my work here
is *classified*."

"Outside of our
main mission,
there're things
that I just
can't tell you."



"For that,
I'm sorry. I
really am."



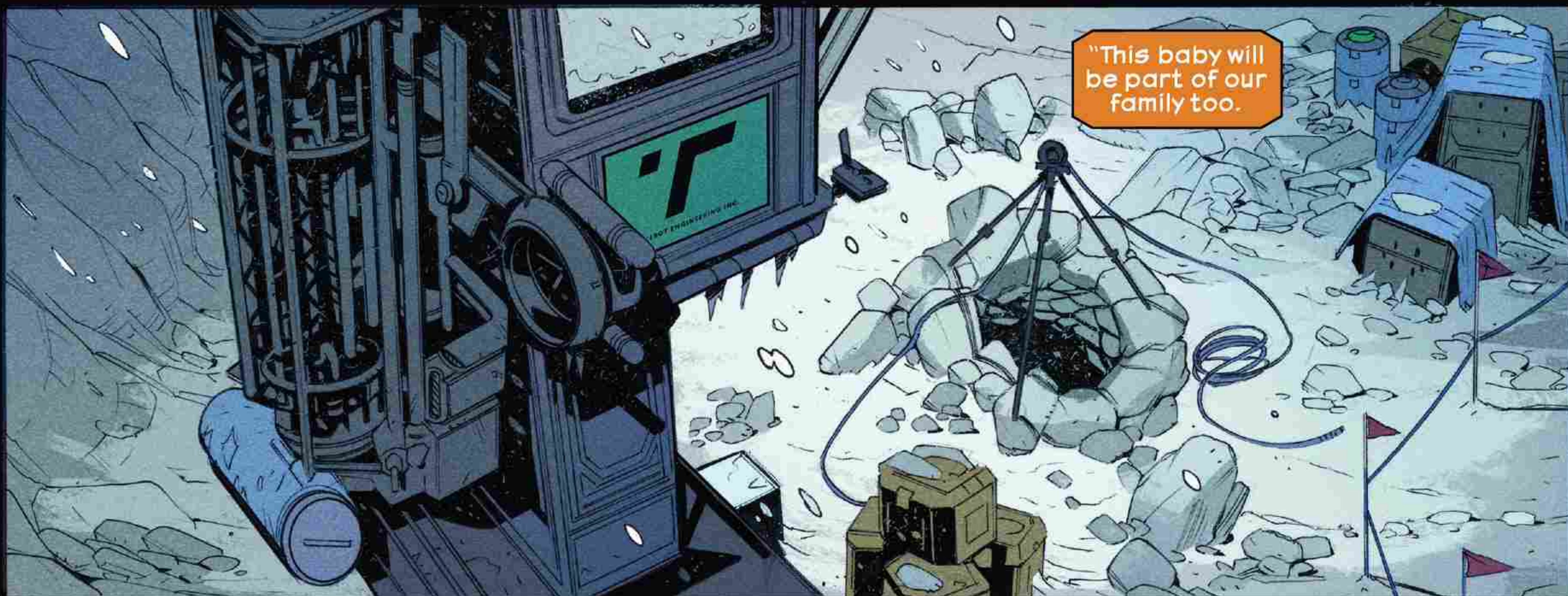
"Yes, we
are a
family."



"We need
to stick
together."



"You know
why."





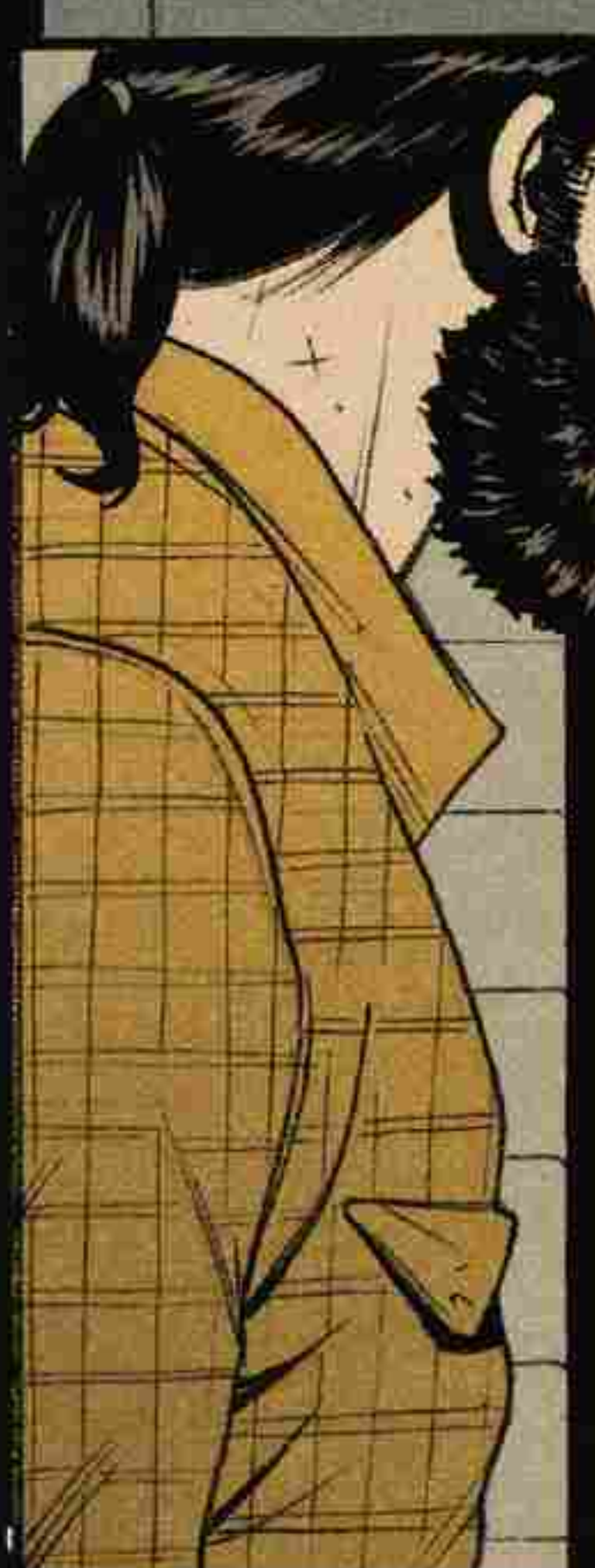
You know I--

You feel that? What the hell?

Is it a quake?



No, sweetie... I think it's a ship.



Talbot?

No, it's still too soon to be them. There're no ships anywhere near this sector.



It has to be someone else, then.



Someone bigger... It's got to be...



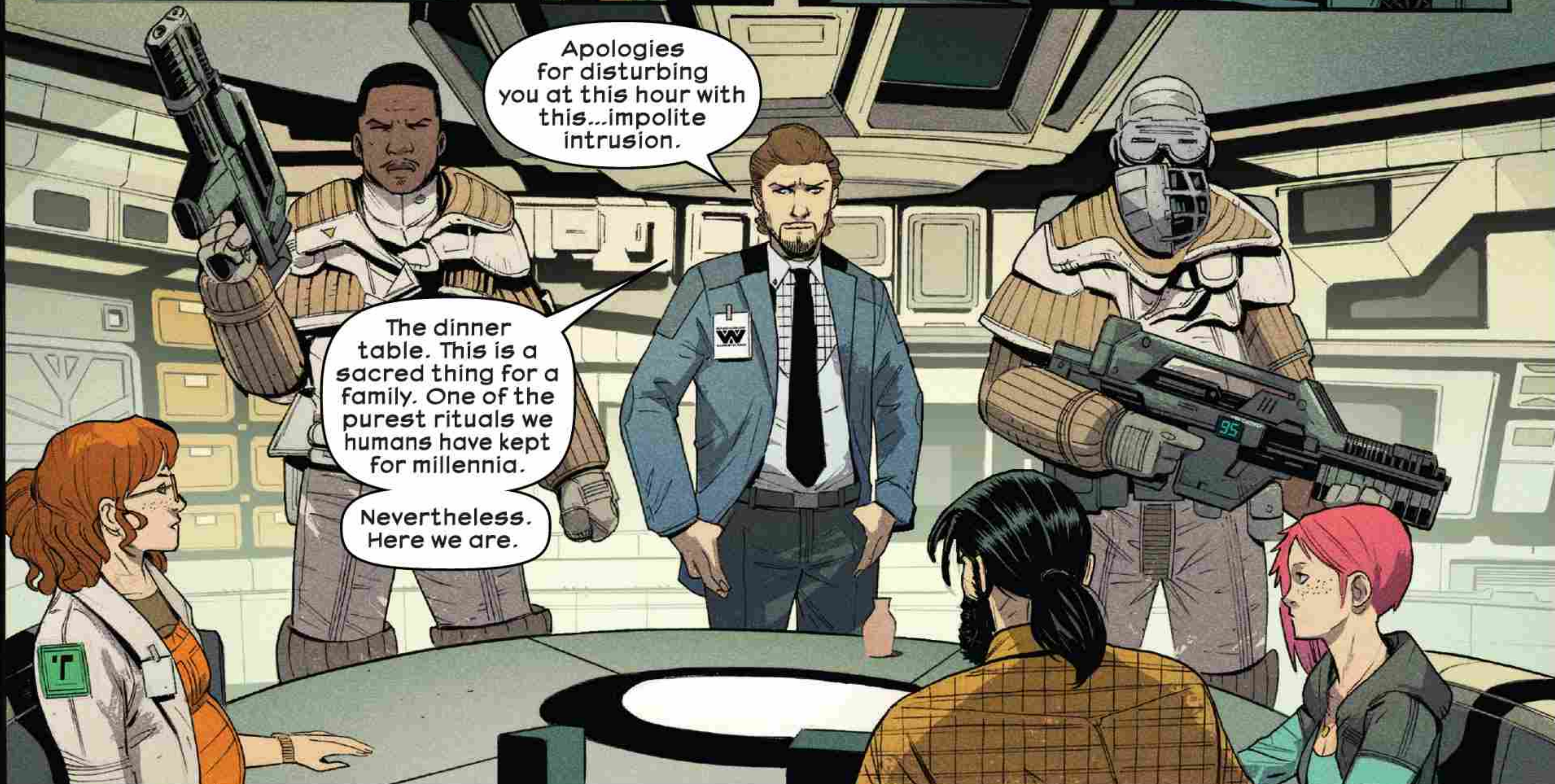
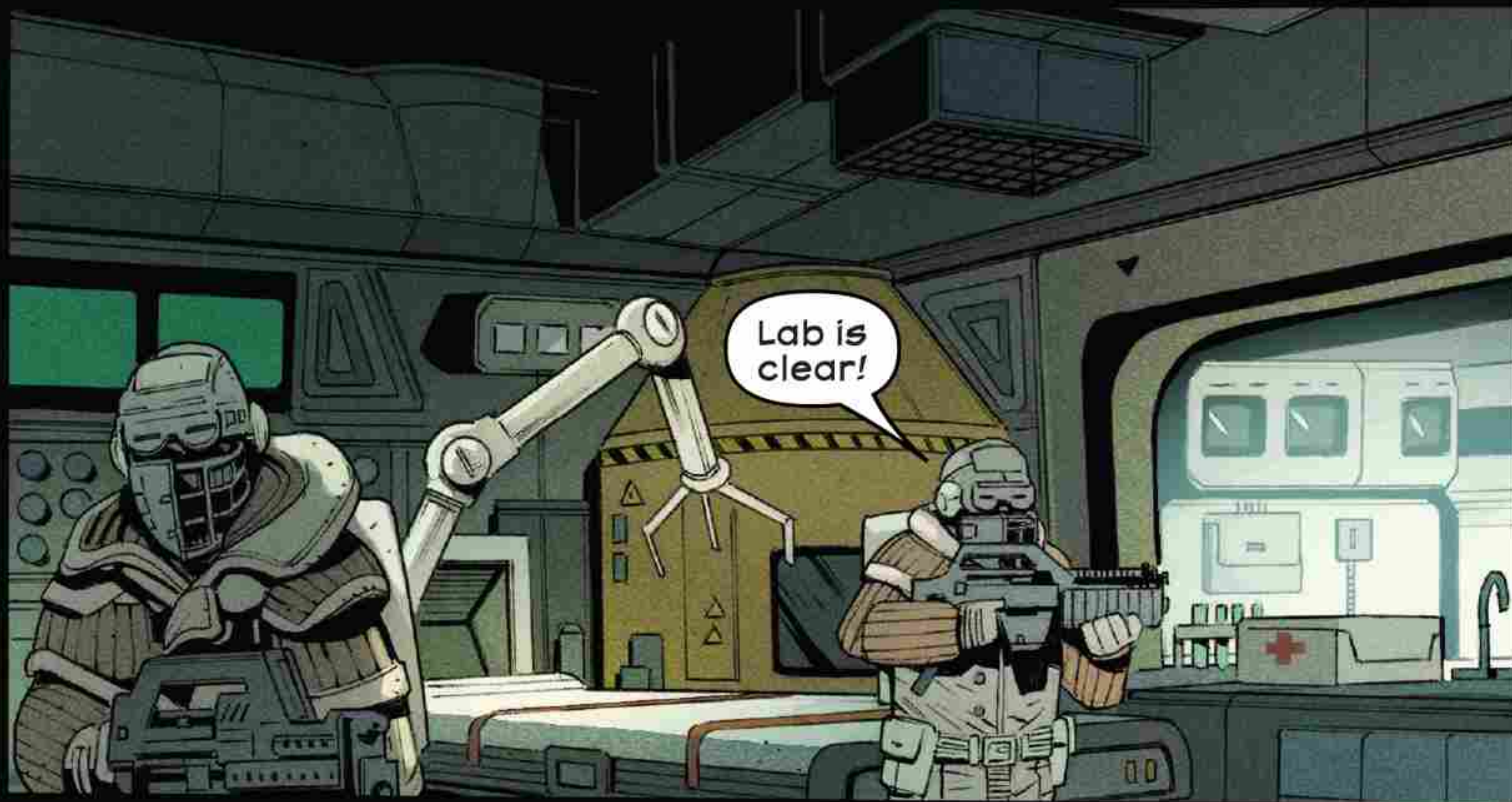
Shit.

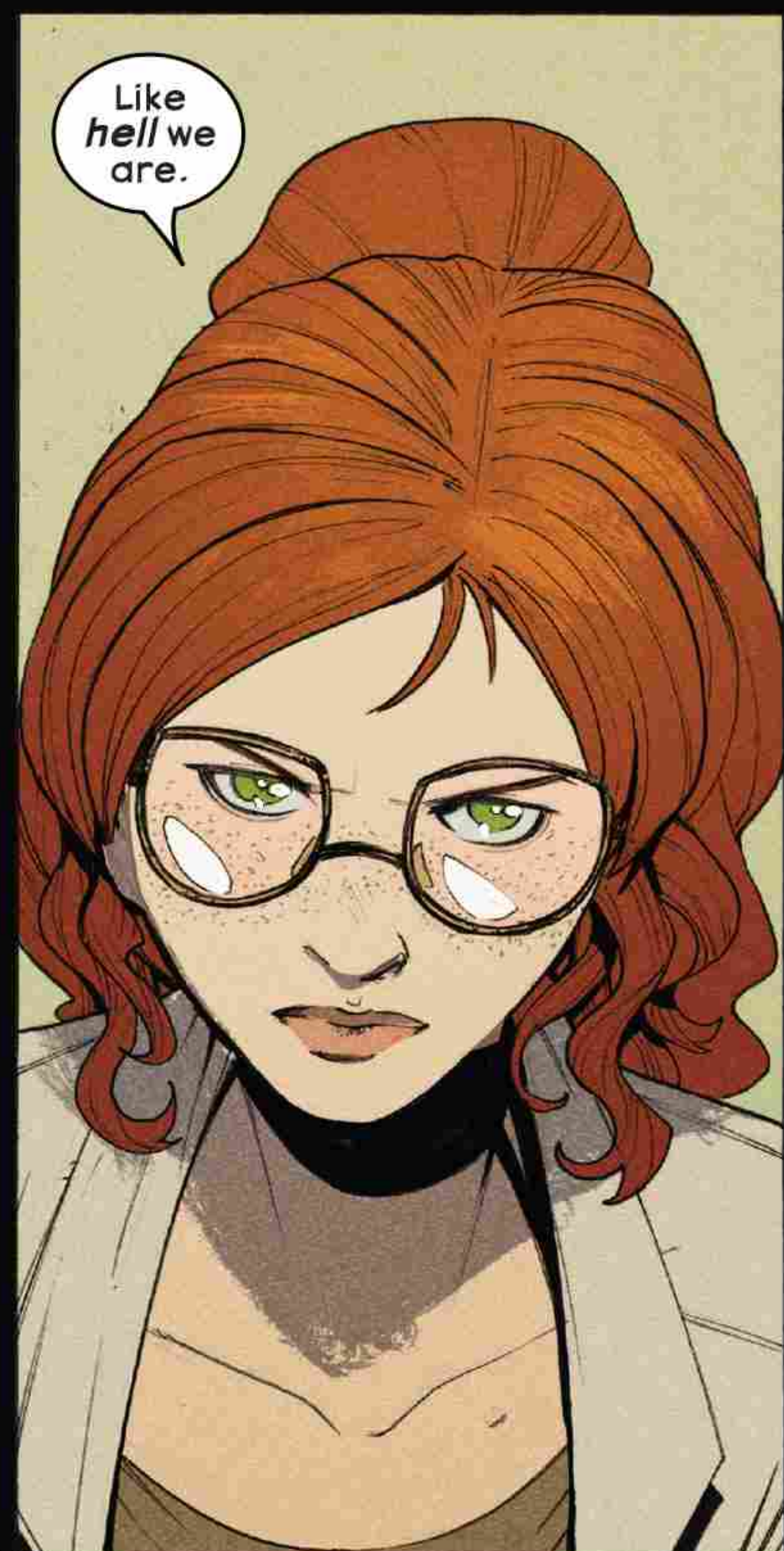
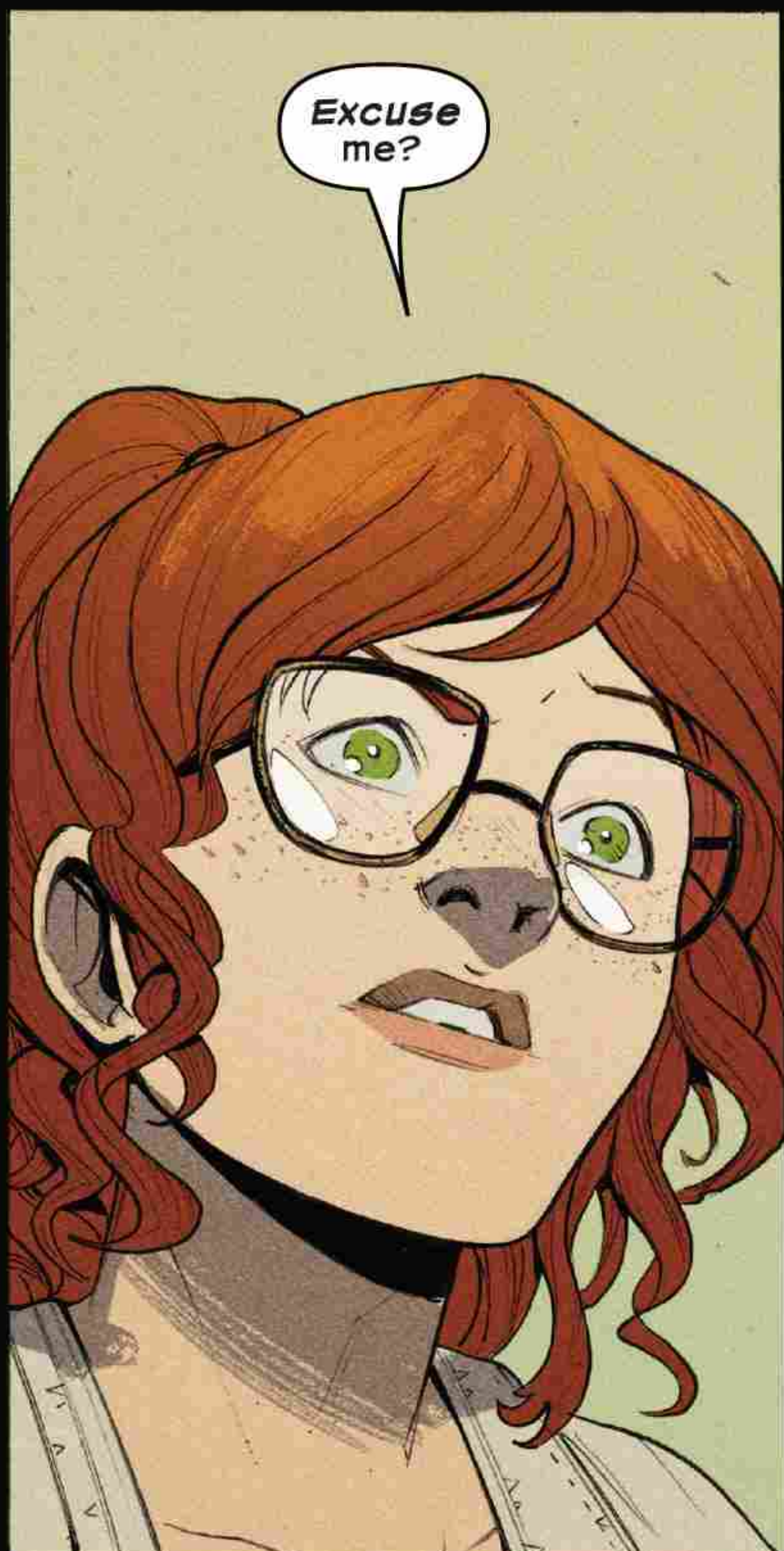
Zasha, activate lockdown procedures. Should buy us a little time.

This is the *last* thing we need.











Please, reach out to your superiors-- they'll confirm it. This base, your contracts...all of your research is now the intellectual property of the Weyland-Yutani Corporation.

Mom, what... what does that mean?

Hold on, Zash.

Since when? When was this bid accepted?



Welllll...it's been in the works for some time, but I'd say... approximately four days ago?



As it happens, the *Boreas* was the closest company ship, so it became our honor to... welcome you.

You can't just slide in here and gobble up a *whole company* like this... You have no right!



Weyland-Yutani does, Doctor Zahn. You had best get used to it. Now, if you would be willing to leave your meal, care to escort our science team to your lab?



The lab? Right now? Can't y--?

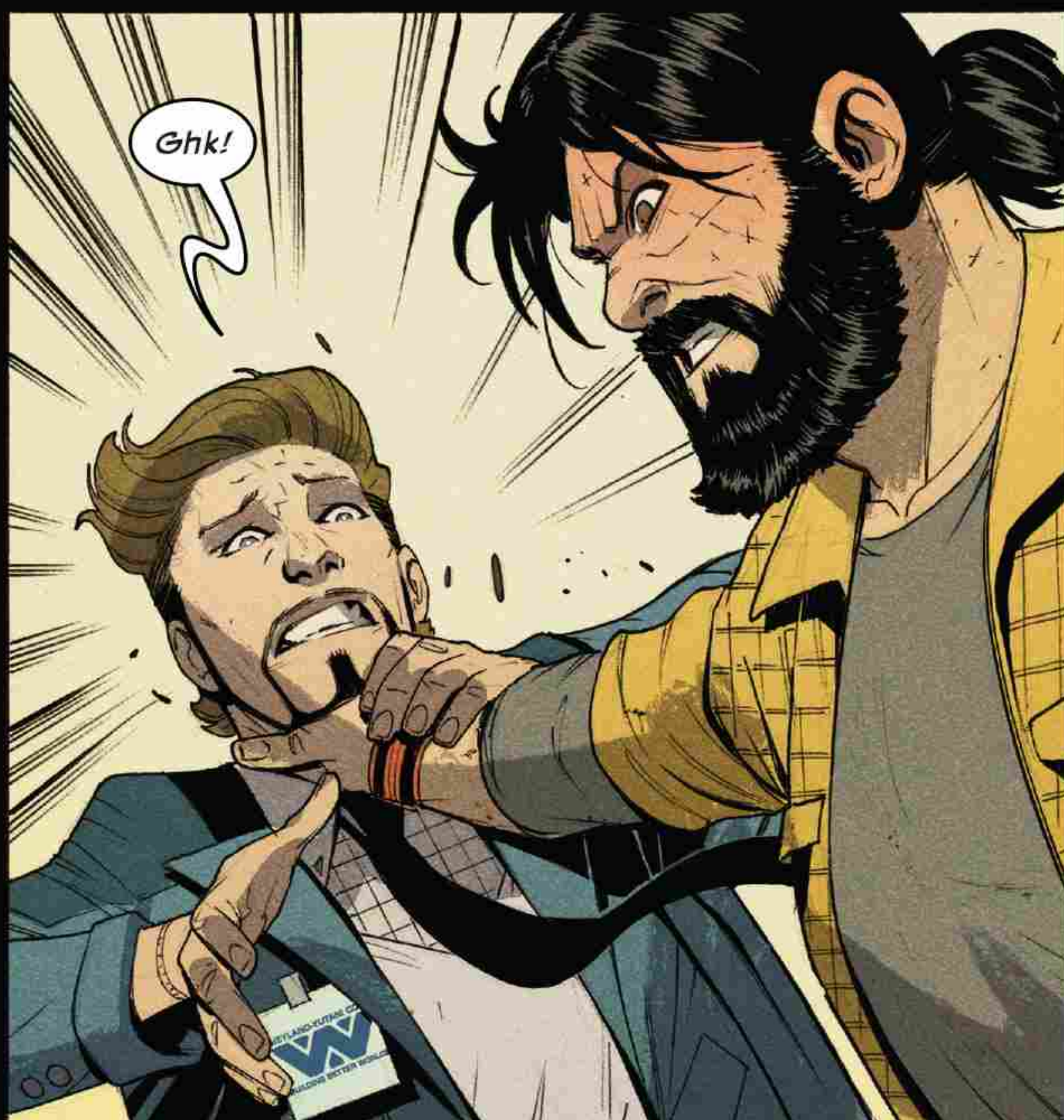
No f%#@#ing way.



Ah
yes, *Mister*
Zahn.

Talbot's
records--that is
to say *our* records--
show you were injured
a couple of years
ago.

Terrible news.
I noticed your incident
claim to Talbot is currently
unresolved. Unfortunately,
due to takeover negotiations,
Weyland-Yutani is not
actually liable--



Ghk!



Take aim!

Zahn!
Release him
immediately!

You don't
just get to breeze
in here, into our
home--



Zahn!
You have three
seconds!



Let's all
relax.

No need
for this to
escalate.

The man is
quite literally
unarmed.



Take him to the Boreas. Throw him in the brig.

Ahem. I'm disappointed with your reaction, Mr. Zahn.



Hopefully, the women of your family will prove to be more understand--



Where... where did she go?

Where did *who* go?

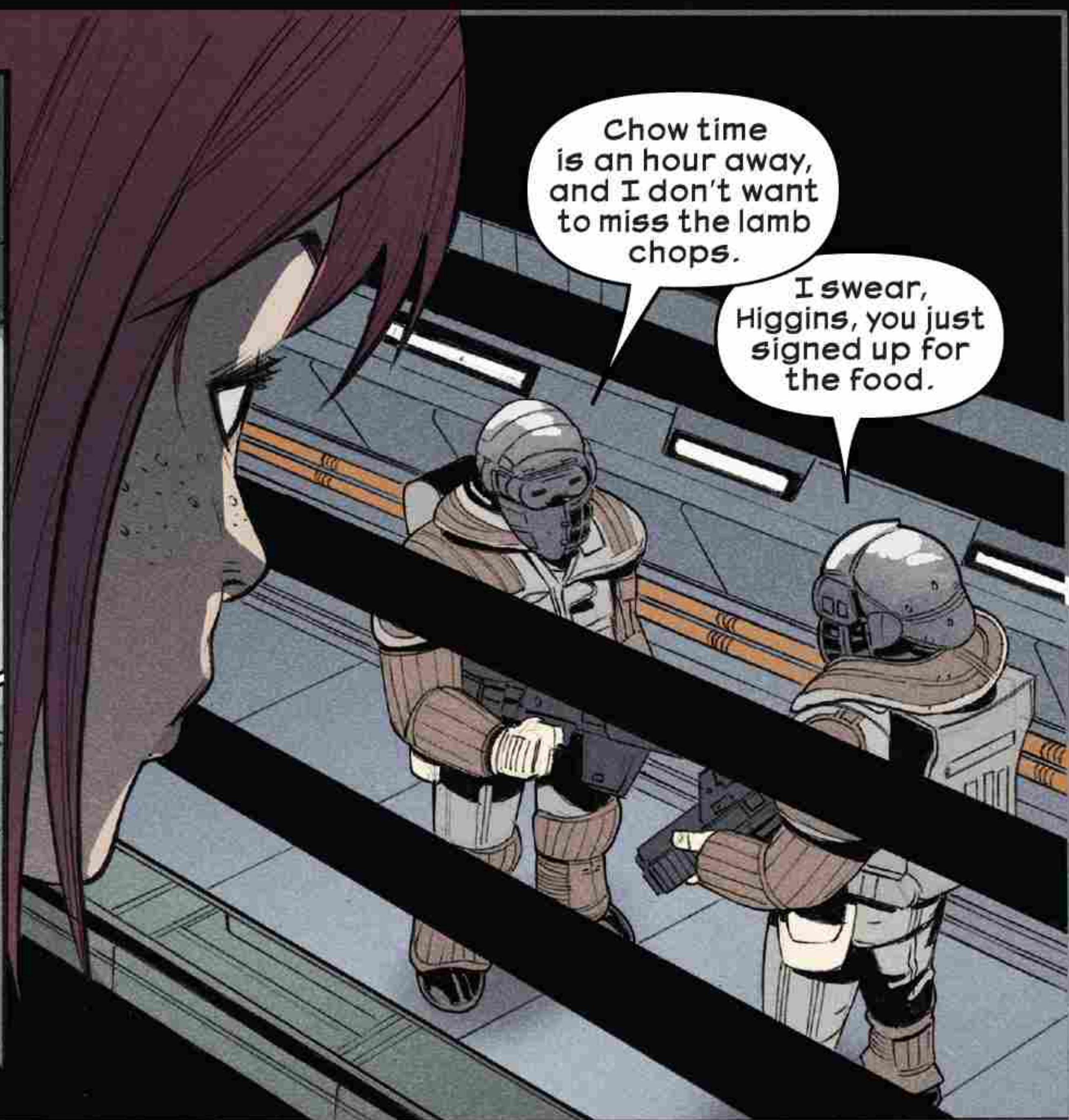


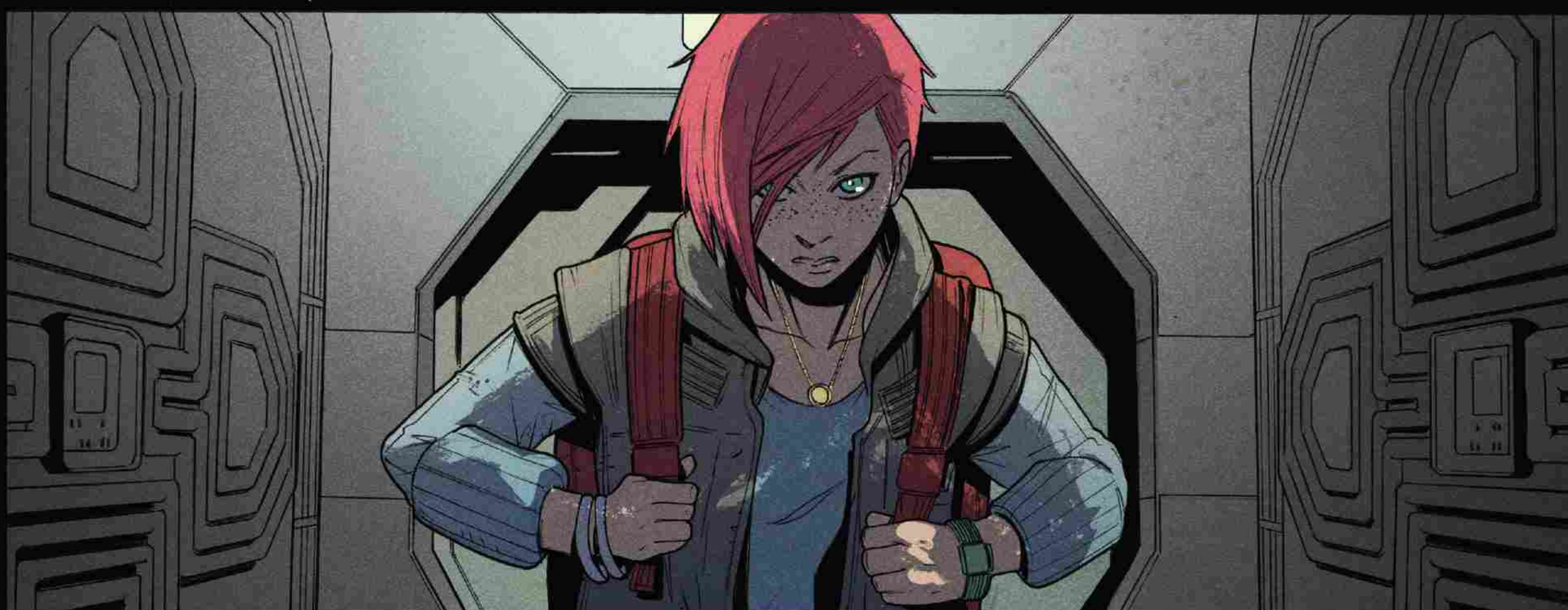
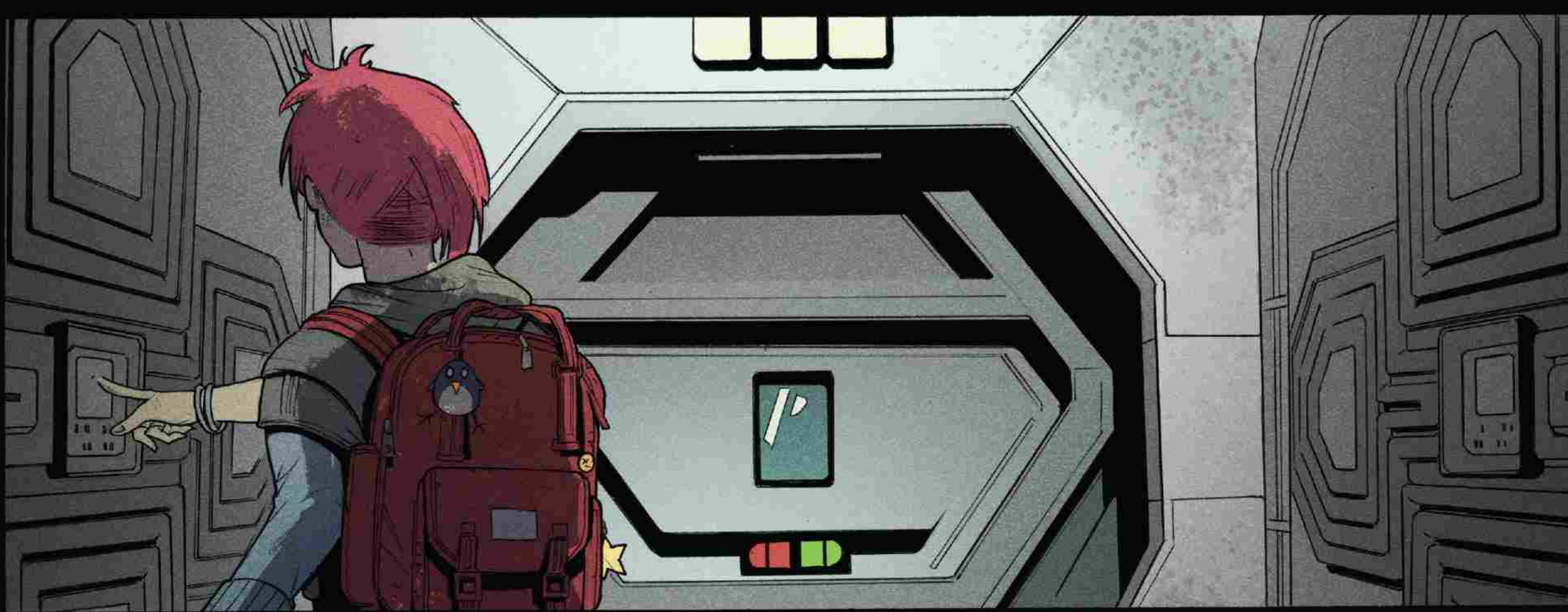
The girl.

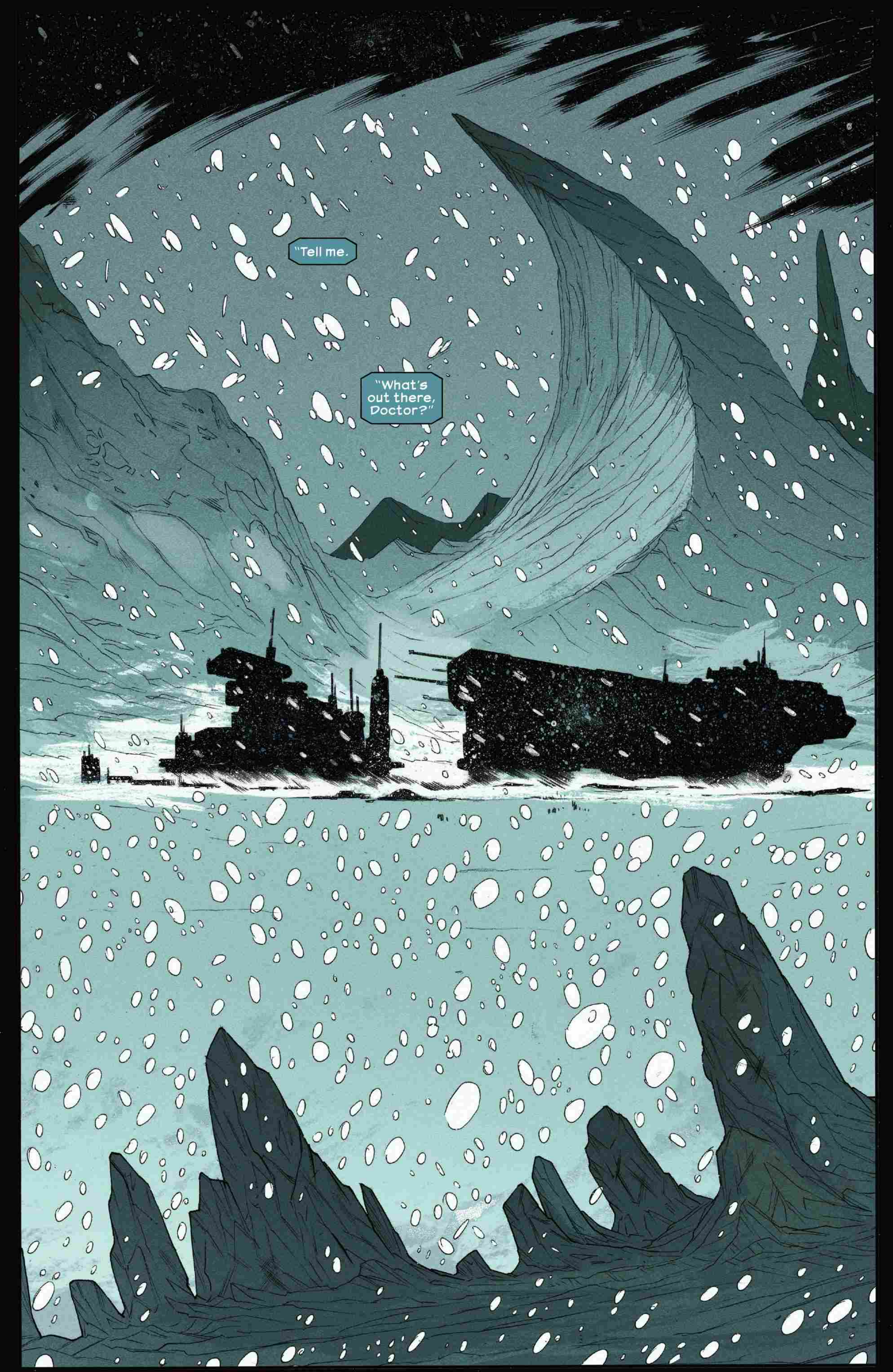


Where's the girl?







A comic book illustration of a snowy, mountainous landscape. In the foreground, dark, jagged rock formations are partially covered in snow. The middle ground shows a wide, snow-covered plain with several dark, industrial structures, including what appears to be a large factory or power plant with multiple smokestacks. In the background, steep, snow-covered mountains rise against a dark sky. The entire scene is filled with falling snow, represented by numerous white, oval shapes. Two speech bubbles are present: one near the top left and another in the center.

"Tell me."

"What's
out there,
Doctor?"



What do you mean?

Insult *me* if you like, but please, not my intelligence.

We intercepted a communication from this base two weeks ago with specific information regarding a recent find.



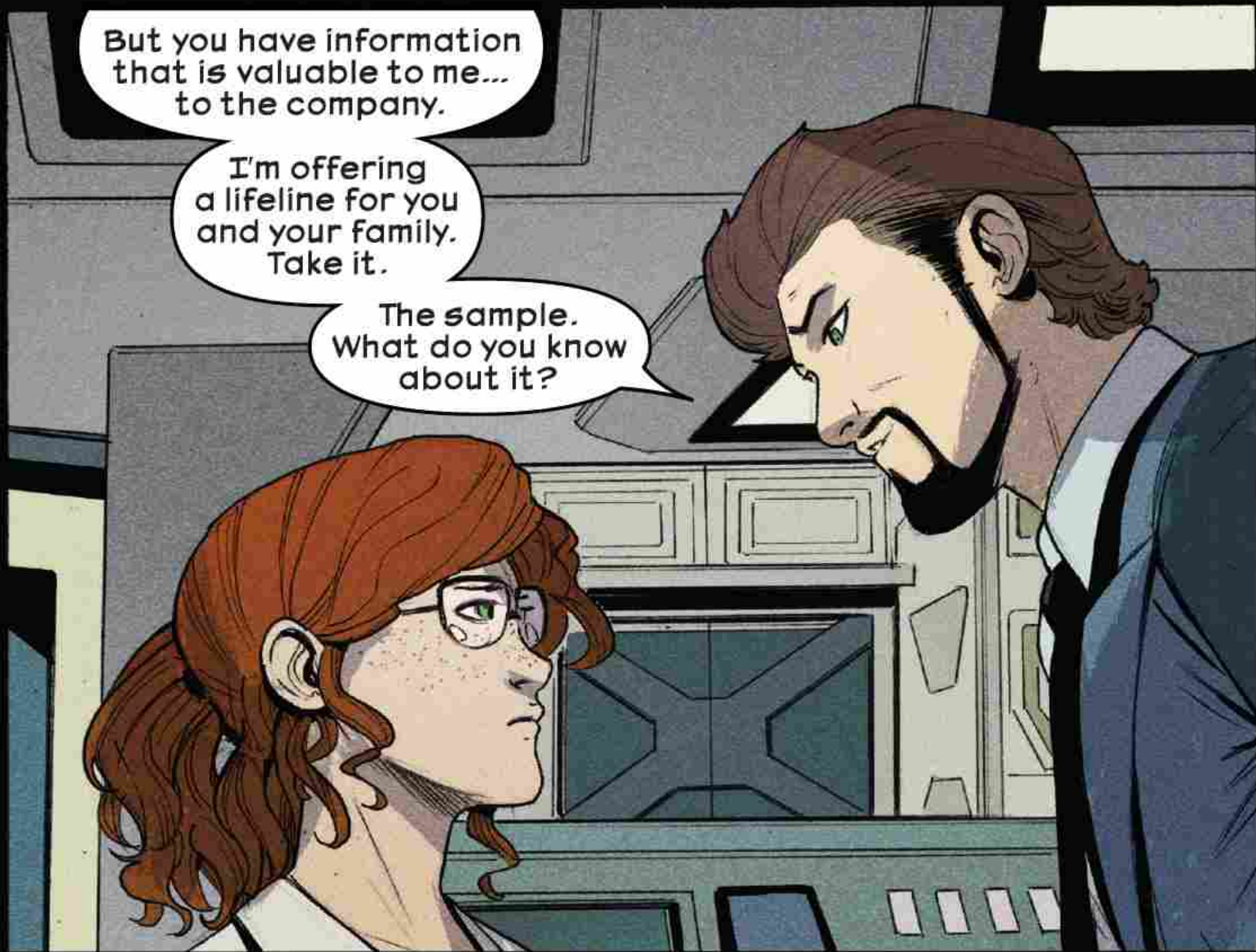
The higher-ups at the company were interested--so much so that it was worth acquiring your now-defunct former employer.

We have all the information, Doctor, so please, let's spare ourselves any unnecessary *bother*.



"We have your husband in custody. Our men will soon have your daughter too. You have no official backing or protections left."

"You have no solid ground to stand on, Doctor. You are sinking in quicksand."



But you have information that is valuable to me... to the company.

I'm offering a lifeline for you and your family. Take it.

The sample. What do you know about it?



Okay. Maybe we can help each other.



"We've been out here looking for water reserves for months."

"Looking for the thing that keeps us humans alive."

"All we'd found was ice. More and more samples of ice. For study, for transport."



"Finally, we've found something interesting."



"This recent sample has unique reproductive qualities."

"Something capable of life. Maybe even something that, with study, could *save* lives."



"I've heard rumors brewing out of Epsilon Station. Something about 'Project Alpha.'"



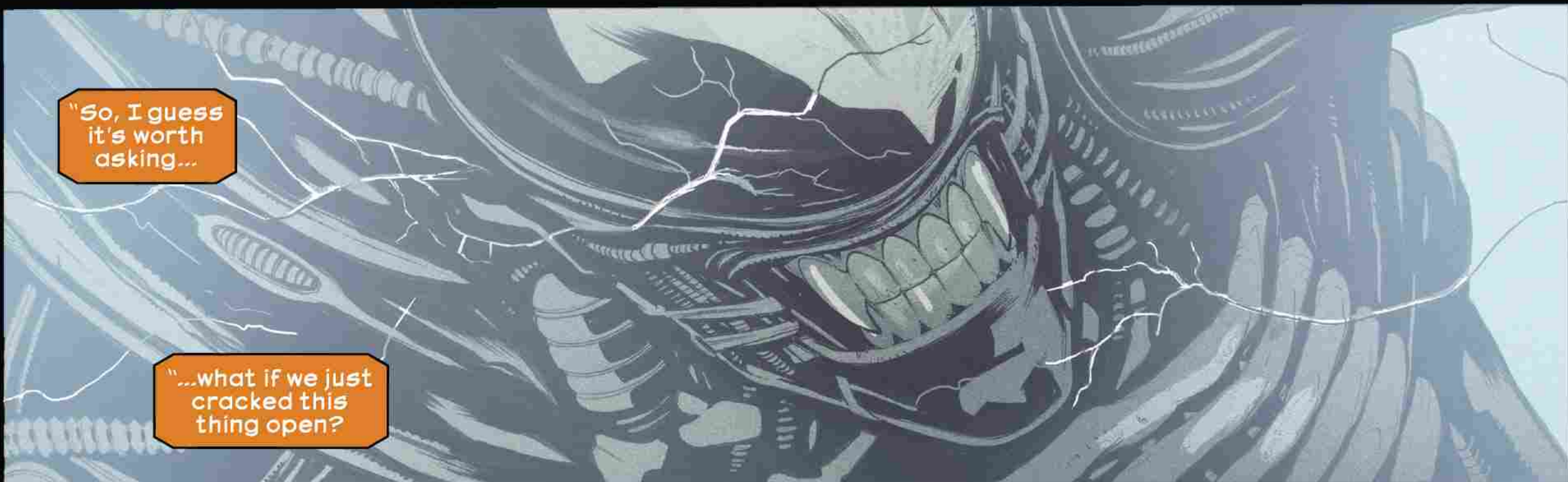
"I believe we have something similar."



"If I'm right
about Alpha,
what we have is
very valuable."



"Something
that can help
my family...get us
off this frozen
wasteland."



"So, I guess
it's worth
asking..."

"...what if we just
cracked this
thing open?"



"See what's
inside?"

"Would that
be so bad?"

TO BE
CONTINUED...

N E X T

A #2

